

I'm free balling,

yeah, I'm free falling,

my cellie blowin' up from the numbers that I'm calling,

go from 9 to 5, then from 5 to 9

I got DJ Sprout on the line

In my other ear I got Hesta Pynn and you know that little girl be wheelin' and dealin'

Pynn up all night tryin to work the plane, me and Sprout stuck again in a traffic jam

We do it how we do it and we don't need permission, we like it how we rock it

Intuition in our pocket, so please and thank you and don't appolize

I'm saying what I'm saying looking you right in the eyes, you're dying in stereo.

There's nothing to left to sy and everything I knew, I knew yesterday, what's a girl like me supposed to do? get on the mic you know you want to

what's a girl like me supposed to sy? I'm on the mic cause I like it that way.

It's like you're dying in stereo, can't believe my ears, every single night, I cast you out, you're serving me capers and you're serving me papers, and I'm feeling kinda high off of you

I knew you all along and you didn' t ever surprise me. I cast you out and then I cast you in, put that on your tables and spin, in your mouth or in your hand, the name is not Eminem

Edmund Hillary couldn't climb this, parsley sage rosemary and thyme this, step off, your flow is weak, save that talk for Dawson's Creek, and if you wanna know why I shriek like a